

HUMAN SUNBEAMS.
God bless the human sunbeams,
The people strong and true,
Who daily sing or whistle
At all they bravely do.
Their eyes are clear and merry,
Their step is firm, but light;
Their laugh is a benediction,
And life once more seems bright.

IN THE PEW
BY THE DOOR.

By EDITH COPEMAN HALSEY.

"I've only a minute to stay," Mrs. Morris announced, settling herself in a comfortable chair in the farmhouse kitchen. "I stopped for your mail, but they said it was too late."

Mrs. Headley nodded toward a letter beside her. She never talked much when Mrs. Morris dropped in. She never needed to.

"About David?" questioned her guest.

"From David," was the answer.

"Well," responded Mrs. Morris, "Dr. Wilson was saying last night that it was just wonderful, his being called to that big church. I hear he went there to preach for 'em when their minister was going to leave, and some of the big bugs made up their minds they'd have him and nobody else. Lands! When I think of the way you took that helpless little baby an' brought him up, an' you a widow an' no kin at all, an' how you've sold 'most half of this little farm to educate him! My! I hope you'll get a little gratitude for it, an' some reward!"

"David is my reward," quietly answered her hostess.

"Oh, yes, of course." Then after a pause, "I suppose the salary's awful big."

"It seems so to me," was the reply.

"Well," with a little look of disappointment, "I must get along. I suppose you'll go up with Dr. Wilson to hear him preach his first sermon as pastor?"

Then the old face opposite flushed a little.

"Oh, no! It's so far and there will be so many people there, I suppose; oh, no, I couldn't go."

Mrs. Morris considered a moment. "Well, I don't know. I should think you'd want to see how he looks among all the high fyers. Of course, it costs a lot to go so far, and (with a quick glance at the little figure before her) you mightn't feel real easy among 'em. Well, good-bye. Anyway, 'tain't as if he was your own."

Then she was gone and the sensitive soul was left with the sting, and the wound, and the pain.

He wasn't her own! He wasn't her own! Oh, the sharp, keen pain it brought her. She mightn't feel easy among 'em. She knew that, but why did little meaning Mrs. Morris say it? She did not belong to the great world out there—David did! She, if she went to be present at that wonderful service, would hardly know how to act, unless—and she almost held her breath—unless she might slip in a rear seat where no one would notice her at all.

She picked up David's letter again; she had read every word of it four times that day. It said: "You must come. Dr. Wilson will take care of you in the train, and then I'll take care of you!" Much more there was in the long letter. "It doesn't sound as if he"—and the thought sprang out at last—"feels ashamed of the country mother. David would do his duty, anyway, and maybe I want too much." The tears ran over her face, but presently she lifted her head and asked herself what they had been for. Hadn't David always loved her? Hadn't he always been kind and good and attentive to her?

But down in her heart she knew that only David himself in some way could remove that haunting fear. "He's no call to be so very grateful," she said in loving excuse. "I'm a selfish, exacting old woman, that's what I am, shedding tears when I'd much better be thanking the Lord that my boy's able to preach!" So she rose above the worry, stilled the voice in her heart that whispered, "He isn't your own, he isn't like you," wrapped about her the mantle of unselfishness that she had always worn, and wrote David that she guessed she'd better not come.

But because of the great love in her heart, and because Dr. Wilson insisted, it came about that the mistress of the little farmhouse took the long journey, and found herself one of many who were entering a church that seemed to her stately and beautiful beyond the telling.

"You must just let me slip in by the door," she whispered tremulously to the reverend gentleman beside her, and knowing how very tired she was, and seeing the frightened look on the gentle old face, he answered soothingly, "Just as you say—just as you say."

He seated her carefully "back by the door," and then went to join the ministers already seated on the platform.

The tired little woman in the back of the church sat trembling with nervous excitement and fatigue. At first only a dreamy, dazed feeling possessed her. Then she was conscious that the great church was filled with people, people who seemed to belong to another world than her own.

"That's Mr. Ferris," she heard some one say in a low tone behind her, as a tall, distinguished looking man passed the pew where she sat. "He's one of the most prominent men in the church and worth millions!"

Wonderful music was flooding the building, such music as she had dreamed she might hear in heaven. Then with timid, eager glance she was searching the palm-decked platform for "her boy." Her eyes were dim, but she found him. He was grasping Dr. Wilson's outstretched hand and speaking softly to him. In that moment how her heart swelled with thanksgiving and cried out to God in praise.

How big—how distinguished—how handsome—how, oh, how good to look at he was even among all those splendid men up there! Then that

little tormenting spirit that had no right in the farmhouse or in the city church whispered, "But he isn't yours, he isn't your own, these are his people, you are not like them—why did you come?"

Then as the tired head bowed to hide the great tears that shut out the face on the platform, David Holland's eyes, directed by Dr. Wilson, found her. Just a low spoken sentence to one of his brethren on the platform, a quick, courteous reply, and he quietly stepped down, walked around by a side aisle, across the back of the church, and then paused beside the pew "back by the door."

Those sitting very near saw a hand rest on the shoulder of the little woman, who looked up startled as his voice said softly, "Mother!" Like a flash the heartache and the fear left her. The music trembled, and then burst forth in joyous might and power, and like one in a happy dream she was moving up the aisle leaning a little heavily upon the arm of her stalwart "boy."

Very near the platform he paused; a man rose quickly, stepped out into the aisle and motioned to a seat beside him. "Have you room for my mother, Mr. Ferris?" the young minister asked very softly, very distinctly. "It will give us great pleasure," the other responded quickly. Then she sat down and David was back in his place.

But, oh, the heaven-sent bliss of it all! She never knew that hundreds of eyes had filled with tears as they saw the minister they had chosen, leading so tenderly the white-haired old lady to "her place" among them. She did not know that the grave, dignified men on the platform looked on with a new feeling of love for, and pride in, their brilliant young brother. She did not know that, as he walked up to David's heart a strong desire to cry out to all these, "His people!" "Look at her—look at her—at the bravest, purest, most unselfish soul that ever lived—look at her and be like her!"

She only knew as she sat there, her sweet old face aglow with a wonderful light, that she was happy, happy, happy!

A divine melody sang itself in her heart. The great congregation rose to its feet. They sang the joy song, too—"Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Oh, yes, that was the word, Joy—joy! "He wasn't ashamed of me. He's mine, my own. 'Have you room for my mother?'" That was what he had said—for "my mother!" Down in the depths of her heart, she knew he was glad to call her that.—Epworth Herald.

OASES OF CHILEAN DESERT.

Part They Play in Development of the Great Nitrate Beds.

Northern Chile, which is so largely mountain or desert, is generally regarded as a forbidding wilderness, but in spite of its natural desolation the landscape presents a scene of great beauty under the softened hues of sunset, and here and there in the waste of sand and salt may be found by looking for them a number of oases, the most conspicuous of which are Pica and Matilla.

These oases are supplied with water from the high Andes, but the particular streams that support their life are not certainly known. It has been found that in various parts of the great Atacama desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficiently moist to grow crops, capillary attraction spreading the water through the soil. The rainless Atacama desert is the scene of the greatest industry of its kind in the world, yielding enormous quantities of nitrates used to enrich the fields of Europe and the United States.

The oases play a very important economic role in the industries of the region, supplying vegetables and foodstuffs for the support of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle and various fruits, and also serving as timber producers for the nitrate works, which require much fuel. There is no part of the world where agriculture is more intensively carried on than in these green spots in the Atacama desert.—Zion's Herald.

Strange Capture of a Salmon.

Fishing a well known river in Norway this June, one of the tenants of the fishing lodge opposite ours caught a fish of twenty-nine pounds in the morning and lost another, his spinning line being broken by the rush of a heavy fish. Fishing with prawn the afternoon of the same day, the same angler, in the same pool, got into a good fish at his first cast. After a long fight the fish was gaffed and landed. Then was revealed a strange state of things. The prawn tackle had never touched the fish; in fact the hooks were a foot or more from it. They had caught in the cast which had been lost that morning, and was now twisted into knots and tangles, no doubt by the salmon endeavoring to get rid of the treble Norsk cast and hooks. The line had been got rid of. As the prawn swung down the pool it had grappled the lost cast still attached to the salmon, and fish (thirty-three pounds), cast, and tackle were recovered. We watched the incident from the road, and crossing the river handled the recovered cast. Many maintain that salmon once hooked and played for any length of time leave the pool.—W. H., in London Field.

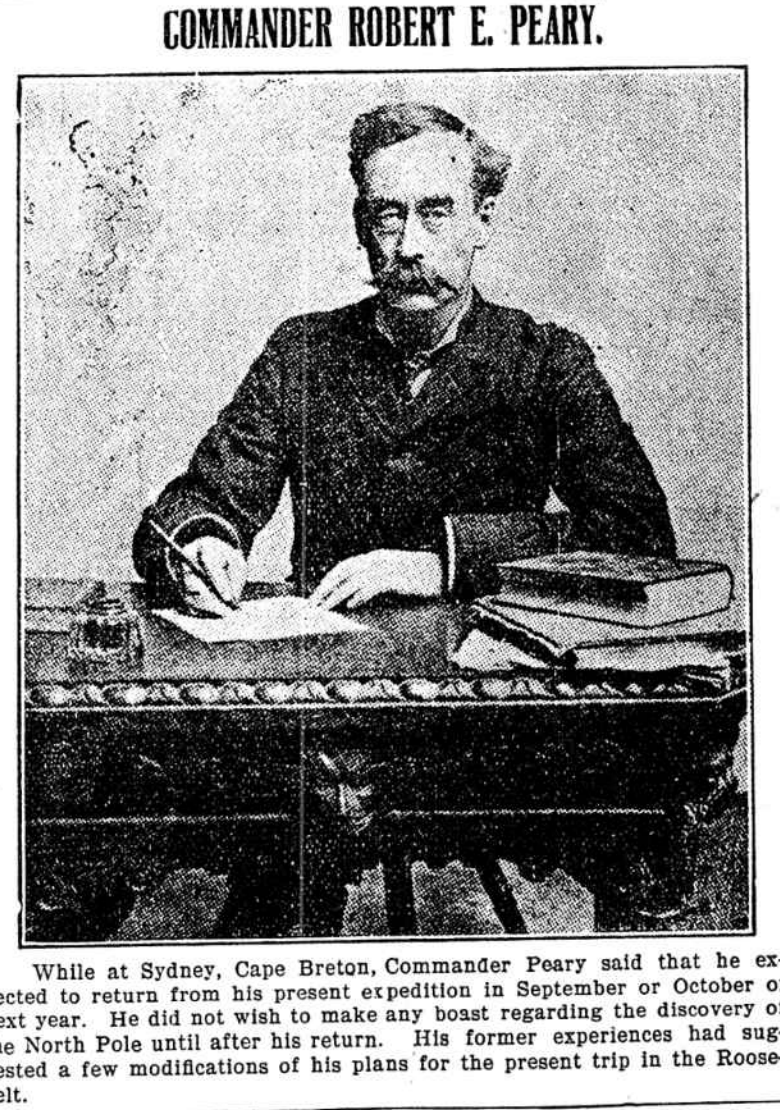
The Retort Courted.

Dr. Copeland objects very strongly to being interrupted during a lecture by a late comer. One day, while lecturing to a roomful of young ladies, he was annoyed by seeing the door open and a tardy girl come in.

"I suppose you consider this an afternoon tea. Will you take your tea with or without sugar, lemon or cream?"

And the startling answer he received was: "No lemon, thank you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Comptroller Wilson, of Chicago, has ruled that no telephone, traction, electric light or other public utility corporation can make contributions to hospitals or other charities.



While at Sydney, Cape Breton, Commander Peary said that he expected to return from his present expedition in September or October of next year. He did not wish to make any boast regarding the discovery of the North Pole until after his return. His former experiences had suggested a few modifications of his plans for the present trip in the Roosevelt.



Jewish Synagogue at Iconium.

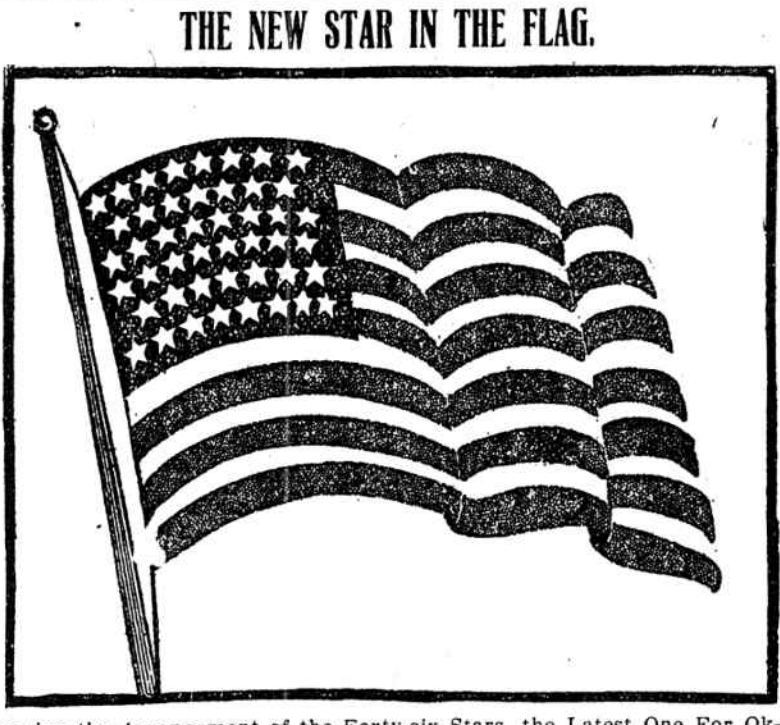
building is too old to be used, except as a clock tower. It can be seen from all parts of the city.

The chief interest in the old synagogue is that, according to local tradition, in the early days of the Christian Church Paul and Barnabas preached in it. They had been driven out of Antioch and reached Iconium footsore and weary. We read in Acts 14:1 that they both went into the synagogue and preached, and that many believed their teaching. At last, however, they were forced to leave Iconium. In his Epistle to Timothy (II. Tim. 3:11) Paul refers to his persecutions there.

Travelers in Asia Minor should not fail to visit this venerable building.—Bessie D. Palmer, in the Christian Herald.

He Helped Her.

Count Tolstoy was once recuperating from a sickness by resting in the Crimea. A party of rich Americans arrived in a yacht and asked permission to see the great Russian. Tolstoy sat upon his balcony "like a Buddhist idol," as he said, and the Americans filed silently and slowly



Showing the Arrangement of the Forty-six Stars, the Latest One For Oklahoma.

Improved Frying Pan.

It is often desirable to cook a number of dishes at the same time in quantities such that it is not economical to devote an entire pan to each dish. Illustrated herewith is a pan provided with several compartments, in which different commodities may

made of two pieces, one bent substantially in the shape of a V, and having lateral flanges whereby it is bolted to the bottom of the pan, with the apex at the centre of the utensil. The other partition is a straight piece arranged to project from the apex to the opposite side of the pan. Thus the pan is divided into three compartments. The bolt heads which are formed on the under side of the pan serve as supports to hold the bottom of the pan from direct contact with a stove.—Scientific American.

Stupid of Them.

"The French are always stupid."

"Why, I always heard they were very clever people."

"Well, they aren't. I was the best French scholar in our class, and yet when I went to Paris they couldn't understand a word I said."

Consul-General Miller, of Yokohama, reports that thirty-nine Japanese banks, with a total capital of \$38,000,000, suspended last year.

Quaint and Curious

Electricity as a motive power has been in use for twenty-five years.

Italy's general scheme of land and sea fortifications will require an outlay of \$35,000,000.

Portugal's budget for 1908-09 gives \$80,000,000 revenue and \$81,500,000 expenditure, a deficit of \$1,500,000, or \$200,000 less than in 1907-08.

Edward D. Pitt, a brother of Rev. Henry Pitt, a London vicar and member of the great Pitt family, so illustrious in English history, has lived in Pittsburgh, Pa., since 1870.

It requires 15,200 stenographers to do the office business of New York City.

Lord Wolseley, who has passed his seventy-fifth birthday, has probably had more narrow escapes from death than any other living British officer. In his younger days his lordship was so daring that he earned from the Ashantis the title of "The General Who Never Stops."

Canada received 40,000 emigrants from the United States during seven months, 5000 of them being farmers.

Charles Field, who is believed to be the oldest judge in the United States now presiding, has just celebrated his ninety-third birthday by holding a session of the district court at his home in Athol, Mass.

Manhattan is the most densely populated island in the world. It has a population of 99,150 persons to the square mile.

For the first half of the year the total production of iron in Germany was 6,049,700 tons, against 6,355,900 tons last year. The reduction was less than five per cent.

Although the mulberry tree is raised in Mysore, the most of the silk produced in India is made from the wild silk worms and from raw silk imported from China and Siam.

During the summer season the Borough of Richmond doubles its population on every pleasant Sunday, but only for that one day.

Improved Fire Escape.

An improvement in fire escapes, one which will keep cool during exposure to the heat of a burning structure, is shown in the illustration below, the invention of a New York man. One feature is the construction of the rung-ladder, which is in the shape of a "V," in the point of which one end of the rung is secured. The supporting chains are attached to the ends. Obviously the rungs of this fire escape will not come in contact with the hot wall of the burning building, assuring safety of descent

FISHING.

It would be interesting to know from how many little wilderness stations in the North there goes each spring, to eager business and professional men in the large cities, the message that the ice is out. If one could measure and sum up all the pleasure of those who take the message for their marching-orders, and all the increment of health and strength that comes to them by virtue of their annual fishing trips, it would make the world seem a very cheerful place.

The charm of fishing, for the normal man, is so deeply rooted that it can be accounted for only by regarding it as a reawakening of primal instinct. When a fish bobs down the rapids, or a worm drops into the hole below the big boulder, a racial memory older than history comes to life, and the cashier of the First National becomes blood-brother to the skinned savage who made the first hook from a bone or piece of shell.

To the savage, fishing was earning a livelihood, getting a dinner. The fish he caught was the wages he received for working at his job. To his descendant of to-day, "fishing" is far more. It is a return, for a time, to natural conditions, where the sun touches the skin and water wets the feet, and clothes are friends which serve, not masters to be considered. The fish himself is not the most important, or even an essential, thing—until he is hooked. But when the tug comes on the line and the fly disappears and a thrill runs up and down the backbone till the very toes tingle, then he becomes suddenly the most important thing in the world; and his appearance later, if, happily, he so appears, in an overcoat of cornmeal, browned crisp and piping hot from the pan—this confirms the impression of his importance, and crowns with reason the absurd business of catching him.

The wholesome sentiment which would protect all animal life from cruelty has lately been showing a tendency to lapse into unwholesome sentimentality. There are those who regard all fishermen as monsters, and look upon a school of mackerel as an educational institution. Alas for the boys of to-morrow if this creed spreads!—Youth's Companion.

Ode of Harmony.

"The sounds of the city streets are like the sounds of the country," said the woman. "The screech of the pulleys as the washerwoman draws in the lines is like the song of birds. The whirr of the elevator, if you listen long enough, is like the waterfall over the mill dam. The electric fans at the cafes are like the humming of bees. The cry of the 'E' class clogs!' man has the guttural sound of the bullfrog. But the yell of the 'Line-up' man is like nothing on the earth, above the earth, or under the waters thereof."—New York Press.

A False Impression.

Patience—"I've certainly made an impression on that man over there; he hasn't taken his eyes off me since I got here."

Patrice—"Which man?"

"That one with the black mustache."

"Oh, he's the hired detective!"—Yonkers Statesman.

LATEST NEWS

BY WIRE.

Big Drop in Revenue.

Washington, D. C.—The monthly statement of collections of internal revenue shows that the total for July, 1908, was \$22,029,316, which is a falling off of \$2,899,508 as compared with July, 1907. By far the larger part of this decrease is in the collections from spirits.

To Go With President Roosevelt.

Austin, Texas.—Captain William McDonald, revenue agent for Texas and an ex-ranger, and John Abernathy, United States Marshal for Oklahoma, accepted the invitation of President Roosevelt to accompany him on his African hunt.

First Sewing Machine Man Dead.

Boston, Mass.—The death is announced at Brookline of John James Greenough, inventor and former superintendent of the Patent Office at Washington, D. C. He was the first to take out a patent on a sewing machine, invented the first shoepegging machine and assisted in the construction of the first electric locomotive. He was ninety-six years old.

Millionaire Wouldn't Hire Doctor.

St. Louis, Mo.—C. G. Cloud, sixty-two years old, president of the Hamilton County Bank at McLeansboro, Ill., and reputed to be a millionaire, died here. He had been ill for a year and two weeks ago was seized with paralysis, but owing to his belief in Christian Science refused medical attention.

Soldier of Fortune Dead.

Pensacola, Fla.—Charles H. Hill, a native of Wisconsin, and at one time a first lieutenant in the American navy, later a captain in the Brazilian navy, commanding the cruiser Nitchevsky, and still later Rear-Admiral in the Chilean navy, died here. In addition to serving in three navies he was commissioned a captain in the Boer army.

Race Horses Dashed in Crowd.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—One man was killed at the Luzerne County Fair when a great crowd swayed out on the race track just as the horses were started in the first event. The jockeys made strenuous efforts to stop, but could not, and the horses plunged into the crowd. Chris Coates, aged seventy-four, of Larksville, was run down and killed.

Uncle Sam Wants His 35 Cents.

Washington, D. C.—The United States Government seeks thirty-five cents reparation in a complaint filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission against the New York, Chicago and St. Louis and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroads. It charges that a Federal employe was charged that much in excess of the regular fare for transportation.

Herd Tramps in Freight Car.

Chicago, Ill.—Policemen scoured the freight yards of the Illinois Central Railroad and arrested 164 tramps found in empty box cars. Those arrested were herded into a freight car, which was run to the police station.

Steals a Steel Bridge.

Bloomington, Ill.—Pleading guilty to the theft of a steel bridge in Vermillion County, George Proctor gave himself up to the officers after remaining in hiding for several weeks. The structure was washed away by the floods of May, and found in a junk yard, having been sold as twenty tons of old metal.

Italian Consul Appointed.

Rome, Italy.—Adolfo Rossi, formerly Inspector of Italian Emigration, has been appointed Consul-General of Italy at Denver. Signor Rossi has made many journeys to the United States.

Charges Against U. S. Attorney.

Honolulu, Hawaii.—Charges against United States Attorney R. W. Breckens, preferred by the Rev. E. W. Thwing and others, have been sent to Attorney-General Bonaparte. They refer to both official and personal conduct among the Oriental citizens of the community.

Object to Coaling American Ship.

Sydney, Australia.—The Lumpers' Union has refused to permit its members to coal the American hospital ship Relief, on the ground that the battleships of the American Atlantic fleet were coaled by its own men. American sailors are now coaling the Relief.

Explosion on a Danish Cruiser.

Copenhagen, Denmark.—Two men were killed and six others dangerously wounded on board the Danish cruiser Hekla by the premature explosion of a shell. The accident occurred at target practice at Aarhus Bay.

Kill Argentine Army Bill.

Buenos Ayres, Argentine Rep., via Galveston, Texas.—The Senate passed to a committee the bill for armaments voted by the Chamber, thus putting an end to the matter. If it had rejected the bill the Chamber could enact a law approving it by two-thirds majority.

Dutch Warship Welcomed.

Willemstad, Curacao.—The battleship Jacob van Heemskerk has arrived and created great enthusiasm among the population.

Holland May Ask Aid.

London, England.—The Standard's Rome correspondent says that the Dutch Government has opened negotiations to ascertain what diplomatic or other assistance Italy will render her in connection with the dispute with Venezuela. The correspondent adds that similar steps will be taken with London and Berlin.

Missionaries Escorted From Tabriz.

St. Petersburg, Russia.—Miss Holaday and Miss Miller, American missionaries, have been escorted at their own request from Tabriz, Persia, to the Russian frontier by Consul-General Doty.

Porto Rican Mayor Held For Arson.

San Juan, Porto Rico.—Heraclio Mendosa, Mayor of Cayey, was arrested, charged with arson. It is alleged that a recent fire at Cayey, in which many buildings were destroyed, was caused by Mendosa.

HISGEN GETS NOTIFICATION

Informed of His Selection to Head Independence Party.

John Temple Graves, Candidate For Vice-President, Too Ill to Be Notified, as Was Intended.

New York City.—Thomas L. Hisgen, of Massachusetts, was formally notified in this city that he was the choice of the first national convention of the Independence party for the Presidential nomination.

The enthusiasm that punctuated the official ceremony was too vast to be held within the walls of the National Independence Club, No. 17 Gramercy Park, and it overflowed through every outlet into the street.

There several thousands of Independence party men who had been unable to get into the clubhouse took up the cheering for Hisgen and Graves, and one after another for the many national reforms demanded in the party's Chicago platform.

As a demonstration it was unique to all New York. It sounded a warning to the leaders of both the old parties that a new party had been born into the land and a new power in politics was to be reckoned with.

Mr. Hisgen was informed of his nomination by Thomas A. Powell, of Brooklyn, chairman of the committee on notification.

Although Mr. Hisgen has been actively campaigning in Vermont and other parts of New England for the past two weeks, it was his first appearance in New York since his nomination. The crowd which packed the clubhouse to the last inch of standing room took to him like an old friend. He earned their real and lasting friendship before he was half through with the speech at the pharmacy, in which he stood upon every plank of the new party's platform.

William Randolph Hearst, the national chairman of the party, responded to repeated calls from the crowd with a stirring speech.

John Temple Graves, the Independent nominee for Vice-President, was to have been notified jointly with Mr. Hisgen. On the advice of his physician he remained in the mountains of Virginia, where he has been recovering from a recent operation. However, he sent a telegram of felicitation to his running mate and a message to the rank and file of the party, that before the end of the week he would be in harness and ready for a whirlwind campaign. His formal notification will come later in the month.

DROWNS WITH TWO CHILDREN.

Mother Dragged Down in Water When Trying to Save Them.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In a brave attempt to save her two little children from drowning in Broad Channel, Jamaica Bay, a mother plunged into the water where they were struggling, but the combined weight of the little ones, one of whom was trying to save the other, pulled her down and all three were drowned.

Richard Radermacher, four years old, fell from a float from which he and his sister, Ida, eleven years old, were fishing, and the little girl plunged in after him to save his life. The struggles of the children were seen by their mother, who ran from their cottage nearby and dove into the water after them. In his fright the little boy grasped his sister and pulled her under. As she struck bravely out for the surface she saw her mother, whom she, almost exhausted, seized. Then the woman was pulled under by the combined weight of her children and none came to the surface alive.

FAMILY BURNED IN HOME.

Two Dead, Four Seriously Injured—Mob Threatens Incendiary.

Louisia, Ky.—John Sprouse, charged with incendiarism, was brought here to escape mob violence. He is accused of setting fire to the home of Charles Cooper, near Cherokee, resulting in the destruction of the property and the death of two of Cooper's children. Two other children are in a serious condition. Cooper is so badly burned that his recovery is not expected. Mrs. Cooper is seriously burned.

Bloodhounds took up a trail at the house and followed it to Sprouse's house. Sprouse was arrested and brought here. Sprouse and Cooper had been engaged in a suit over lumber.

PARDONED BY PRESIDENT.

Cherokee Boy Convicted of Murder by Sweetheart's Perjury.

Washington, D. C.—The President has ordered the pardon of William Judge, a Cherokee Indian boy serving a life sentence at Fort Leavenworth for murder. Behind this matter of fact item is a story that would serve for the foundation of a first-class theatre thriller, for Judge was convicted of killing a rival in love, and his sweetheart, who testified at his trial and aided the prosecution in convicting him, now comes forward to say that she was compelled to perjure herself then, and that Judge is innocent.

Portugal's Deficit \$2,000,000.

The Chamber of Deputies, Lisbon, Portugal, has passed the budget, which estimates the deficit at \$2,000,000. Emigration and arbitration treaties with the United States also have been adopted.

Dies a Pauper at 114 Years.

John Morris, of the town of Day, N. Y., inmate of the County Almshouse, is dead. He said he was 114 years old, and told of events which appeared to prove it. He was a native of Canada and of French extraction.

Lynchess Assault of Girl.

A negro named George Johnston was hanged by a mob at Murfreesboro, Tenn. The negro attacked a Miss Morris seven miles from Murfreesboro.

The World of Sport.

The University of Pennsylvania defeated Oxford at chess by a score of 11 to 6 1/2.

W. J. Clothier defeated R. D. Little in straight sets in the National lawn tennis tournament at Newport.

The Nottinghamshire eleven won the cricket match against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia by 130 runs.

M. J. McGrath, of the New York A. C., threw the sixteen-pound hammer 176 feet from a nine-foot circle at Nenagh, in Ireland, outdistancing John Flanagan's record throw of 174 feet.